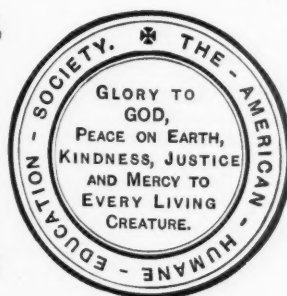


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



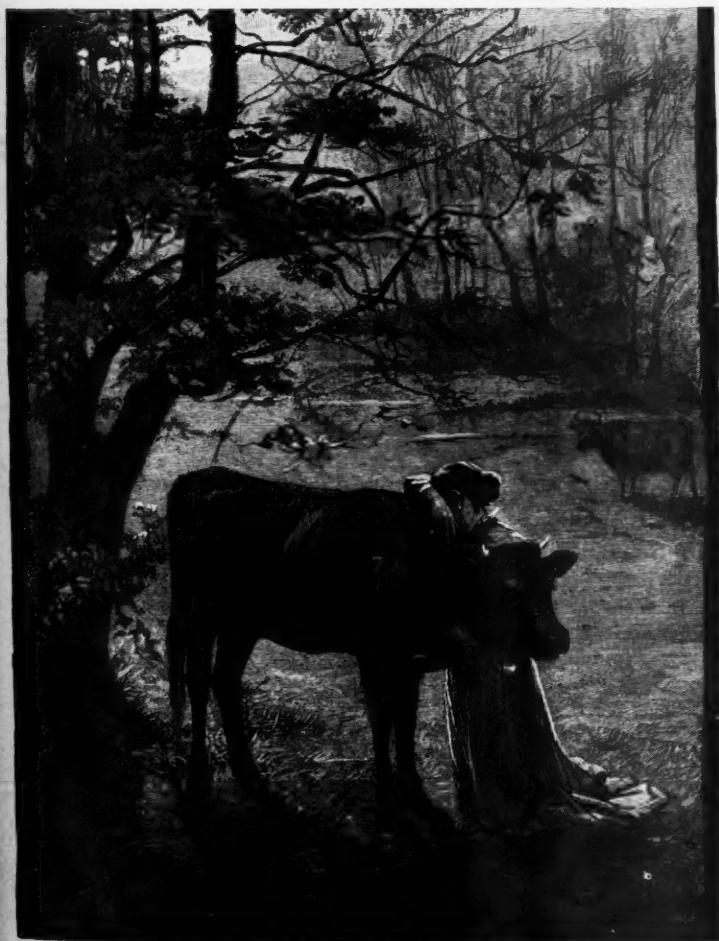
CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, February, 1891.

No. 9.



"Separated from her lover, she goes to her favorite dumb friend for consolation, but they were subsequently reconciled and married, and everybody was happy."  
See Jane Reed, in Bayard Taylor's "Home Ballads."

(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

226,000.

We have printed to this date 226,000 copies of "*Black Beauty*."

The prices are for *Board and Terra Cotta* editions, 12 cents at our offices, 20 cents when sent by mail; "*Old Gold*" edition (same type), 6 cents at our offices, or 10 cents sent by mail.

Thousands are being given to drivers in many cities and towns.

We are now having it translated into Spanish, Italian, German, French, and Volapük.

## NO BETTER SADDLE HORSE IN MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., January 6, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I cannot tell you how keenly my feelings were touched by the reading of "*Black Beauty*." I have read it over and over again. I will see that it has a wide circulation in this community. Let me tell you what I did: This morning I harnessed my "Joe,"—he is a beauty, and, as a saddle horse, has no superior in Michigan. He is also a splendid driver. I took off the blinders and was afraid, as he had never been driven without blinders, that he might not acquit himself to my satisfaction. I was astonished to find that he was less liable to notice questionable objects than with blinders. I drove him about five miles, and then took off the check-rein (which was passed between his ears over his head to the hook on the saddle of the harness). What was my surprise to see him express his thanks as plainly as if he had expressed them in words, by holding his head at first to the ground and then rubbing his nose on me. "Joe" is a very intelligent horse. I loved him before, but now he is "the pride of my eye and the joy of my heart." I shall never use blinders or check-rein on "Joe" again.

T. FOOTE.

The foregoing reminds us of a visit we paid to Plymouth, N. H., some years ago.

In the morning we ordered a horse and carriage, to drive to the top of "*Prospect Mountain*."

To our surprise the horse came without check-rein or blinders. We enquired the cause, and this was our landlord's answer: "I was a member of the New Hampshire legislature, Mr. Angell, when you addressed that body some years ago. I heard you, and determined to take off both check-rein and blinders, and have never used them since."

## A BATTLE IN MAINE.

Word comes to us that a gentle, humane, and brave woman, of the *Pine Tree State*—one who has done as much as any other in that State to promote our "*Bands of Mercy*," and who is now translating, with

out charge, our "Black Beauty" into Italian, that it may reach another wide field of usefulness (Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, of Portland) — is fighting, through the public press, a brave battle to prevent the rescinding of the merciful law which prohibits persons from that and other States shooting, in their gambling matches, in Maine, live pigeons from traps for sport.

We gladly try to aid this good woman in her merciful battle, by asking our brother editors of Maine, all of whom receive this paper monthly, to kindly take up their editorial pens, which are the lances of modern chivalry, a thousand times more powerful than the lances of the middle ages, and drive from their halls of legislation all who seek a renewal of this brutal sport.

Many years ago we abolished it in Massachusetts by an overwhelming vote of both Senate and House, and the law has never been violated but once to my knowledge since. If it had been, with our nearly five hundred agents scattered through the State, I should have been almost sure to have known it.

In that case the young men, who violated both the law and the Sabbath, were promptly arrested and punished.

Our pigeon clubs are entirely satisfied with the various substitutes which have taken the place of live birds, and can now invite their wives and little daughters to witness their feats of marksmanship.

The law was passed in Massachusetts because our best citizens did not care to have our Fast Days, Thanksgivings, and Sundays used for such purposes.

I carried to the legislature the petition of several hundreds of our leading clergy, and could have carried, if necessary, the petition of nearly every Protestant and Roman Catholic clergyman in the State.

It was passed because it involved cruelty:

- (1) In the cruel ways of catching the pigeons — sometimes with baited fish-hooks.
- (2) In the keeping them long times confined in very narrow and uncomfortable quarters.
- (3) In the various practices of pulling out feathers, putting out an eye, etc., to affect their flight and help win gambling bets.
- (4) In the wounding of birds that were not killed.

(5) In accustoming these shooters and their sons and others to enjoy unnecessary suffering.

Pigeon shooting from traps, like dog fights and cock fights, would hardly be practised if gambling bets were thrown out.

The men who wish to engage in such sports will find no encouragement from reading the lives of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Garfield, or any of the great soldiers or statesmen who in times of danger have not hesitated to risk their all for their country.

A law that permits club men to bet on pigeon shoots encourages thousands of hoodlums to engage in similar sports with smaller and less expensive birds, or in other sports still more brutal.

After so many of our States have prohibited and are preventing this brutal sport, it would be a terrible pity for the good old New England State of Maine to take a step backward in the progress of humanity and civilization.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

### THREE KINDS OF SOCIETIES.

Do you advise union societies for the protection of children and the protection of animals? And how do they differ from your "American Humane Education Society"?

I answer: It may be sometimes better in organizing local societies to unite the protection of children and the protection of animals, but in State organizations I think it much better they should be kept separate.

The very numerous societies — Protestant and Roman Catholic — for the protection of children, including the societies for prevention of cruelty to them, enlist very warmly the sym-

thies of a large class of people who are not particularly interested in the protection of animals. On the other hand, the protection of the dumb races from cruelty enlists the warmest sympathies of others. One class does not care to give money for the protection of animals; the other thinks animals need protection more than the children, for whom so many societies already exist. I think there is work enough for each; that more money will be obtained to do it, and greater harmony exist in regard to its expenditure, and more effective work be done, when the societies are kept separate.

In regard to the difference between societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, and the great and grand mission of our "American Humane Education Society" to humanely educate the coming generations in the public schools and elsewhere over this whole American continent, I should estimate the difference in importance almost as great as between the little stars which usefully help illuminate the darkness of our nights, and the sun, upon which all human, animal, and vegetable life depends.

The mission of the first named is to prevent and punish, to some extent, acts of cruelty: the mission of the last to strike at the roots of every form of cruelty, and raise us to a nobler and grander civilization — a civilization which will not only prevent the American government from constantly outraging and defrauding the Indians, and American citizens from covering those Western plains with the dead bodies of their frozen and starved cattle, but a thousand other wrongs, both to human beings and dumb beasts, which under our present civilization are constantly practised.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

In the summer of 1869 we passed a night on the summit of the Righi Mountain, Switzerland, for the purpose of seeing the sun rise in the morning over that vast ocean of snow-capped Alps. It so happened that on the same night the crown prince of Germany, father of the present emperor, was there for the same purpose, and we had the pleasure at various times of seeing him. In the over a year that we spent on the other side of the ocean we have no recollection of meeting but one other face which struck us more pleasantly.

The following anecdote which we give our readers seems in accord with the opinion we then formed of this eminent man.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### HOW FILIPPE'S COW WAS SAVED.

During the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, *Filippe Lerouge*, a young French girl, had a pet cow, *Fauchette*, which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was, under the care of *Filippe*, allowed to graze only at night and kept hidden in the daytime, and here we commence the story: —

It was *Filippe's* task every night, as soon as she had cleared away the supper things, to come with *Fauchette* to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times *Filippe* felt her heart sink while undergoing it.

One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, *Filippe* was suddenly startled by the sound of many horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop. With the swiftness of the wind she flew to *Fauchette's* side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall bushes. But alas! through some

carelessness the bell had not been removed, and either it gave out a tinkling sound at this moment or *Filippe's* swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue, "Hold on there! We see you! Don't be trying to get that cow away!"

Overcome with terror, *Filippe* could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.

The soldiers had now halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!

"O *Fauchette*!" exclaimed *Filippe* with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck, "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do, they'll have to kill me first!"

"Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."

"What do you want of her?" asked *Filippe*, raising her head at this point and wondering at her own bravery.

"To eat!" was the gruff response.

At these words *Filippe* burst into tears.

To eat! Her beautiful *Fauchette*? No, no, no!

"Are you going to get away or not?" the man questioned again. "If you do not, I'll have you taken away by force. Come!"

She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of *Fauchette*. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near. "Seize her!" he said.

They started to obey orders. *Filippe* saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap into the field. He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. Under his glance the men who had been about to seize *Filippe* slunk away. Only the officer held his ground, and he dropped his head, looking confused.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded the newcomer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.

"There, little girl, do not cry!" he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Return home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."

Then while *Filippe*, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew *Fauchette* away, the commander turned to the men, and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.

*Filippe* did not know until long afterward that the noble-looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear *Fauchette* was no less a personage than Frederick William, crown prince of Germany — the good "Unser Fritz," who died only last year so universally loved and regretted. — A. M. B., in *Sunday School Visitor*.

### AN HONEST KING.

Whoever reads the following must own to a feeling of respect as well as liking for the honest king.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions. "Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?" With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV." Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand. "Do you know another?" asked the king. "Yes; Frederick VI." "What great act did he perform?" The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know." "Be comforted, my child," said the king; "I don't know, either."

### ANOTHER ONE.

(From the "Washington Star.")

"Come here, *McKinley bill*," called a K street woman to a huge mastiff which came bounding through the hall.

"*McKinley bill*?" queried her visitor, "what do you call him that for?"

"Because he's such a protection."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over nine thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



## MAD DOGS AND MAD OWNERS.

"I have just been up in Vermont," said a treasury clerk recently to a *Washington Post* reporter. "The natives have lost none of their cuteness. The town where I was stopping has about 4500 inhabitants. One of the selectmen runs a hardware store, and two weeks ago his dog was bitten by a neighbor's dog. It was a small enough matter, but see what happened. First he had the neighbor's dog killed; then he raised the cry that the dog had been mad and had bitten other dogs. The selectmen met and ordered that every dog should be muzzled for forty days, and the thrifty hardware man has sold nearly five hundred muzzles at one dollar apiece. Staid old family dogs travel around town with leather thongs around their jaws, which never closed on anything more human than a beef bone."

## A CHILD SAVED BY A DOG.

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL PULLS A LAD FROM A TRACK IN FACE OF AN ENGINE.

Harry Gordon, three years old, was saved from death on Tuesday by a Newfoundland dog. The little fellow, accompanied by the dog, was walking along the tracks of the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad when a train bore down upon them. The boy's mother was running to save him, but she was too far away to do anything.

Just before the train reached the little fellow the dog became aware of the danger. With almost human intelligence he seized the boy's clothing in his jaws and dragged him from the track just in time to escape the wheels. His prompt action saved the boy's life. The dog's name is Wallace, and is owned by Mr. Joseph Meharg, of Beachmont.

## RESCUED BY A DOG.

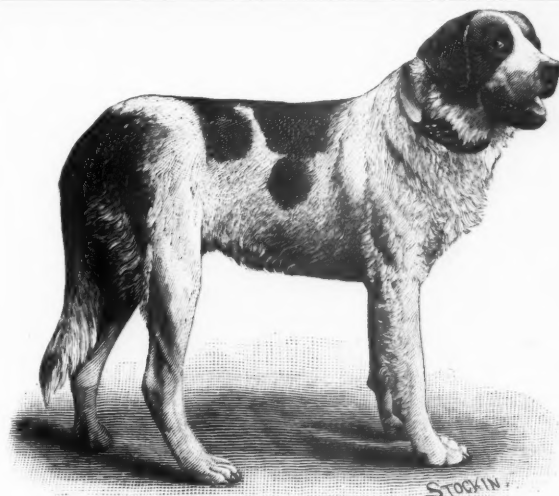
John Trainor, of Huntington, and his dog Jack have earned the gratitude of the parents of a lost child, which but for them would have perished in the cold.

Trainor, while making a trip with his baker wagon, Tuesday, through a lonesome road near Woodbury, was attracted by the strange actions of his dog. The animal kept running back and forth between the woods and the wagon, and in every way seemed to urge Trainor to leave the vehicle to follow him. This Trainor finally did, expecting to find that the dog had treed a coon or had found some wild animal.

The dog started off in the woods and led the now astonished baker to a spot where he found a two-year-old baby almost perished with the cold. Trainor gathered the little toddler up in his arms and soon had it bundled into his wagon among the warm robes. Driving up the road a short distance, the father of the child, a German laborer, was encountered. The babe had strayed away from home several hours before and had been lost in the woods. Its little hands and feet were badly frozen.—*East Norwich Enterprise*.

## A LOST DOG.

There are many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of humor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows



PICTURE OF A HIGHLY VALUED DOG  
BELONGING TO THE REV. C. E. DAVIS, PASTOR OF ST. PAUL'S  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LOWELL, MASS.

thin and his eyes almost human in their anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction, sure that he has found the trail. He is baffled, and turns back. He looks in the face of all who pass, as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master, and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles and pursues and turns back until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lope down the street. Then it is that some demoniac boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised: "Mad dog! Kill him!" So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead cur is an easy transition.—*Chicago Herald*.

(From Gloucester "Cape Ann Breeze," Jan. 8, 1891.)

A dog belonging to Pulcifer & Witham was taken suddenly ill on Monday last, and on Tuesday it was decided to end his sufferings with a pistol bullet. The animal at this time was on the premises of the owners on Eastern Avenue, and a neighbor who was present was asked to furnish the weapon. While a messenger was despatched to the home of the neighbor for the pistol, the dog was left alone; and when sought for was missing. The rest of the story is told by some boys, who, observing him acting in a strange manner, had the curiosity to follow the animal up. Their story is that, after reaching Gardner's brook, the animal entered the culvert from the southern side, which runs beneath the road, and there resting his head, as if weary, against a rock for a few moments, deliberately allowed it to sink beneath the waters, and thus died.

The question is: Did the animal prefer to drown, rather than to suffer from a bullet? We give it up.

## FOOLISH FEARS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(From the "Boston Post.")

I heard of a fresh illustration of the hydrophobia panic or "scare" to which I referred the other day, which shows the readiness of susceptible owners of pet dogs to sacrifice them without the exercise of that ordinary care which would be given to objects of much less value. In this case, a lady who owned a favorite cocker spaniel was met by a friend, near her home in the suburbs, in a state of great agitation. On asking the reason, she said that her pet dog had been sick for more than a week; that he seemed nervous and likely to become mad at any moment. "I am going for a policeman to kill him," she added, the tears coming to her eyes as she spoke. Her friend discouraged her from taking this rash step, but she said she felt it to be her duty. Luckily, the policeman whom she found was not of sanguinary tastes, and, moreover, knew something about the ailments of dogs. He told her that her pet, according to her account of his symptoms, was simply suffering from indigestion, which some simple remedial treatment would cure; and, as his view was corroborated by some intelligent friends, she went home happy at not having sacrificed her dog to an unreasoning fear. This case shows on what slight grounds the most alarming ideas about hydrophobia are entertained, and the need of taking sensible advice before yielding to it so far as to sacrifice the life of even the humblest animal.

Leopold Schoner—But one thing on earth is better than a wife, and that is a mother.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month two hundred and ninety-two new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of nine thousand four hundred and eight.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies of back numbers.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper each month to all the editors of America, north of Mexico.

## MISS ANNE WIGGLESWORTH.

Probably no kinder-hearted woman could have been found in Massachusetts than our former director and late vice-president, Miss Anne Wigglesworth, who, in her eighty-first year, after a long life of good and charitable deeds, passed, on January 3d last, from this life to a happier.

To a wide circle of charities, including our "American Humane Education Society" and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, her death will be a loss.

To no one could the poet's words be more appropriately inscribed—

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

## COL. DANIEL DENNETT, OF NEW ORLEANS.

We regret to read in Boston papers of January 10th the death of Col. Daniel Dennett, for many years agricultural editor of "The New Orleans Picayune."

When we visited New Orleans in December, 1884, Col. Dennett was one of the first to call, and during a large part of the evening he told us of the terrible wrongs inflicted by starvation and otherwise on dumb animals in the Southern States. Before leaving he made this sad and solemn statement, which we shall never forget: "Mr. Angell, I believe the curse of God is on my State for the terrible abuse inflicted here on dumb animals."

## Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in December.

Whole number dealt with, 194. Animals taken from work, 16; horses and other animals killed, 34.

## PRIZE ESSAYS.

We are very busily engaged now with the numerous essays received in competition for prizes offered by our "American Humane Education Society" for best essays on transportation, slaughtering, cattle on the plains, effects of cruelty to animals on public health, vivisection.

Some of the results we hope to publish in March "Our Dumb Animals," others in April or May.

Our "American Humane Education Society's" missionary, Mr. Chas. S. Hubbard, is now doing excellent work in Arkansas and Texas, and Miss Mary P. Lord is addressing, with success, various audiences in Massachusetts.

## BLACK BEAUTY LIBRARY EDITION.

The one dollar illustrated library edition of "Black Beauty," published by D. Lothrop Co. of this city, and which we sell at 75 cents per copy, payable strictly in advance, is having a large sale.

## OUR LETTERS.

Our letters are now so numerous that we can only read personally those of most importance. We have received by this morning's mail two hundred and sixteen. If satisfactory answers are not obtained write again and mark personal.

## OUR MORNING'S MAIL.

In addition to two hundred and sixteen letters received in this morning's mail, we receive seventy-two magazines and papers, many of which contain kind notices like the following:—

## "BLACK BEAUTY."

President Angell has done a good thing for his cause and for all friends of animals by republishing in a cheap form "Black Beauty" and pushing its circulation as hard and as far and as fast as he can. The little book is intensely interesting, and the reader can readily see why it is called "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse." It ought to be read by everybody, and the Boston school board was wise in adopting the book as supplementary reading in the grammar schools. Up to January 1, over 226,000 copies of the book had been printed, and Mr. Angell proposes to keep printing till everybody has had a chance to read and profit by the story. It would seem impossible for a person who had read "Black Beauty" ever again to be cruel or unkind to a horse. — Springfield (Mass.) Daily Union, Jan. 12.

There are very few papers or books that breathe so much of humanity, divinity, love, charity and true affection for all mankind as "Our Dumb Animals." It is teeming with letters, short sermons, and stories of children displayed by animals, and how men, women, and children are benefited by this affectionate instinct which God has implanted in the heart of the dumb animal. — Randolph Register.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are glad to know that our good friend, President Eaton, of "The Western Pennsylvania Humane Society," is actively engaged, by addresses and distribution of humane literature, in promoting humane education in his section of that great and important State.

We are glad to say that the two beautiful cuts from "An Adirondack Cabin," which appeared in January "Our Dumb Animals," were the work of Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., who, with loving enthusiasm, has done more by pictures and pen than any other to open up the Adirondack wilderness, and invest it with a charm that every intelligent tourist feels. These, with others, were kindly permitted by Mr. Stoddard to be used in the beautiful "Adirondack Cabin."

## READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are glad to learn from Mr. John D. Mishler of the formation of a powerful society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Reading. We are sorry to decline (as we have recently been obliged to similar invitations to speak in Washington and other cities) to speak in the Reading "Academy of Music." If we could, we should much enjoy accepting these kind invitations.

## A NEW SOCIETY AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.,

WHICH PROPOSES TO DO SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

We are delighted to know that a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, with Hon. Daniel Bookstaver as president, George B. Leonard as secretary, and on its executive committee several of the most influential gentlemen of Syracuse, has just been incorporated under the name of the Onondaga Society P. C. A., and, cutting entirely loose from the New York State society founded by Mr. Bergh, proposes to take hold in earnest of the matter of humane education, and begin it by circulating at least a thousand copies of "Black Beauty."

It has always been to us a source of regret that the New York State society, with its large financial power of doing good, should have done so little for humane education.

We think a thousand cruelties may be prevented by it where one is prevented by prosecuting men—mostly poor—getting them fined, and then sending them home to take revenge on their helpless animals.

Prosecutions undoubtedly aid in stopping public outrages, but it is an often question in our mind whether societies that rely only upon prosecutions are not doing, in a large proportion of their cases, infinitely more harm than good to those whom they undertake to protect.

Let the New York State society give to every driver in the city a copy of "Black Beauty"—let it have addresses and distributions of humane literature, and prizes for compositions to the children in all its public schools,—and it may establish a public sentiment which will do more, both now and in the future, to protect both dumb animals and human beings from abuse, than ten thousand prosecutions in its courts. If we were a horse with a brutal master, we should fear that his prosecution might result in additional blows, or starvation to help him pay the fine.

## BUFFALO.

We are always glad to receive the annual report of the Erie County, N. Y., Society, not only on account of the good work it is doing in the cattle yards and on the streets, but because it's one of the societies that believe in humane education. It has recently distributed 1100 copies of "Black Beauty" and distributes every month a large number of "Our Dumb Animals." We are glad to see from the Secretary's (Miss M. F. Rochester) report that the society has a permanent fund of over \$7,000, which we hope may soon grow to \$70,000.

## MINNESOTA HUMANE JOURNAL.

We are glad to learn from the editor of the above paper that its circulation is 5000, and that over 2000 copies of the paper are now being presented monthly to drivers in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth.

## SMALL CHECKS.

Our bank is very much troubled by a multitude of little checks sent for our publications. Friends are requested to send postal stamps or money orders for small amounts.

## FROM A WASHINGTON LETTER.

305 D St., N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1891.

DEAR SIR:

I resisted "Black Beauty" for a long time, having seen the advertisements and supposing it to be only a plea for the humane treatment of horses and other dumb animals; but a few days since it was put into my hand, and having leisure I began to read and found myself perfectly fascinated. I think that you have labelled it rightly, "The Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Horse;" but beyond this, I am struck with the wonderful power and pathos of the scenes in human life. It is a condensed Bible, with practical directions for the application of its precepts in every walk of life. Please to accept the enclosed for use in the distribution of copies. Respectfully yours,

M. D. F.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL, 19 Milk St., Boston.

The little Boston maiden wiped her glasses thoughtfully and said she would take vanilla ice cream, because that was extracted from beans.

**\$100,000.**

Mr. Angell, if some one should give you, for your "American Humane Education Society," \$100,000, what more could you do than you are now doing?

Answer: I would at once enlarge and quadruple the circulation of this paper and our distribution of humane literature.

I would at once arrange to employ additional missionaries to go through the South and West forming "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy."

I would employ an educational man, as able and eminent in his profession as any of our leading clergy and lawyers in theirs,—a man who would be welcomed by the leading educators of the whole country,—and send him out at once to preach the gospel of humanity in our great centres of population, thought, and power, and so arouse the thinking men of the whole nation to the importance of humanely educating, through our universities, colleges, and public schools, and otherwise, the American people.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**A LETTER THAT DOES HELP GREATLY.**

January 13, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I send you a check (five hundred dollars) to help on the good work in any way you think best.

**A GOOD LETTER FROM RHODE ISLAND.**

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Enclosed please find check for three hundred dollars. I would like \$100 of it used for the translation of "Black Beauty" into Italian, and \$100 for the translation of it into Spanish, if in your judgment it would be wiser to use it in that way; otherwise, please spend it for humane education.

A. E. H.

**TO AID IN PAYING THE PRIZES.**

DEAR SIR:

For years I have longed to know some way whereby I could exert my influence against the cruelties of vivisection. I thank you heartily, therefore, for your proposed investigations, which, unveiling to us these hidden and unrecognized miseries, will inspire us to aid you pecuniarily in their merciful relief. Please use the enclosed fifty dollars, and accept my sincerest thanks for the noble work to which you devote your life.

Yours very gratefully.

**ANOTHER KIND LETTER.**

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I thank you earnestly for your words in January issue of "Our Dumb Animals" on VIVISECTION.

I enclose you, most gladly, my check for fifty dollars (wishing it could be \$50,000) towards enabling you to educate the consciences of physicians and others on this subject.

All dumb animals are dear to the heart of their Creator, and He will not forget their groans.

Gratefully yours.

Jan. 13, 1891.

**ANOTHER GOOD LETTER.**

A good friend, Mr. M., sends us fifty dollars to help distribute "Black Beauty," and writes, "I shall be glad, if I do not lose my means, to repeat this often if you get out of funds." I hope our Heavenly Father will bless you in your work."

**GOOD LETTER FROM NEW YORK CITY, FROM A GOOD LADY WHO SENDS US \$30.**

January 5, 1891.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find check for the benefit of the American Humane Education Society. I will send checks from time to time.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. HOLT.

**CONGRESS AND STATE LEGISLATURES.**

It does not seem to me necessary to paint the dark history of our treatment of the Indians, or the starvation on our Western plains of hundreds of thousands of cattle for whom their owners provided no food or shelter, to show the importance of the work begun by our "American Humane Education Society."

It seems to me sufficient to simply call attention to things frequently occurring in our halls of Congress and the legislatures of some of our States. If these men had been humanely educated such scenes would never occur, any more than they did under the leadership of Wm. Penn. and a great standing danger to free institutions and the protection of property and life would be removed.

We believe that if our wealthy men would give proper thought to the importance of humane education in all our schools, we should soon have in our treasury hundreds of thousands of dollars, and our missionaries would be at work in every State, and our humane literature reach every American home.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**A MONUMENT TO ANNA SEWELL.**

FLUSHING, January 12, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President:

Dear Friend,—I send a check for one hundred dollars, to assist in raising a monument to Miss Anna Sewell. It is sad to think of her dying before she knew the value of her great work.

Yours kindly,

SAKAR R. OSGOOD.

We would suggest to friends desiring to give to this object the desirability of authorizing us to use this money in perpetuating Miss Sewell's name and fame either in England or America, as may seem best.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**KIND LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Dear Sir,—I have received several of your papers and "Black Beauty." I would like to give my mite to help along your merciful work, and send a check of fifty dollars; also fifty cents for your paper.

**ANOTHER GOOD LETTER.**

NEW YORK CITY.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, etc.

Dear Sir,—I send another check, \$25, toward the publication of "Black Beauty," and I hope you will be enabled to put a million copies into a million American homes.

H. W. C.

**KIND LETTER FROM THE MASTER OF THE DUDLEY SCHOOL.**

DUDLEY SCHOOL, January 13, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I enclose check for forty-one subscriptions to "Our Dumb Animals" for 1891. Your blessed and beneficent charity is doing a good work in my school; I rejoice in its marvellous development. Many hundred times a year I pray that you may have strength, wisdom, and length of days to carry to the whole earth the message of mercy, love, and peace.

Faithfully yours,

L. M. CHASE.

**ENGLAND.**

We were pleased to-day to receive a call from Mr. W. N. Colam, of London, son of our old friend Mr. John Colam, secretary of the Royal Society P. C. A.

It carried us back to 1869 and '70, when in company with Mr. Colam we attended the World's Congress of our societies at Zurich, and then with him and his excellent wife journeyed through Switzerland and Italy, and at the Falls of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, had the pleasure of helping him name the beautiful "Animal World" which has been doing so much for humanity ever since in that great empire of which London is the head and heart.

**ONE OF A THOUSAND.**

We have been favored with occasional copies of "Our Dumb Animals" and feel constrained to say that we wish its circulation could be extended over the wide world.—*The Prospect*, Jan. 16, 1891.



*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

**ASTHMA.**

In response to our request in November "Our Dumb Animals," that Massachusetts doctors would kindly send us prescriptions for the cure of spasmodic asthma, we received a large number of exceedingly kind letters and prescriptions. Out of these we selected about fifty, and put them into the hands of our distinguished medical and literary friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose genial face, by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we give above. The following extracts from his characteristic letter of January 10th will bring a smile to our Mass. doctors who monthly receive this paper:—

"DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I have not as yet tried all these remedies, or I should not have survived to write this note.

"Thank you just as much as if each individual recipe were an infallible specific."

Among their suggestions was this: that any one who will sleep nights on a pillow of yellow-pine shavings will soon get rid of asthma. Also, that inhaling spirits of turpentine from a sponge or cloth, or inhaling spirits of turpentine poured on boiling water, will relieve. A friend from London, England, writes that her husband was greatly troubled by asthma until he gave up eating meat, and since then has been entirely free from it; being now over 70 and in excellent health. On the same day we received a kind letter from Elder F. W. Evans, of the Lebanon (N. Y.) Shaker families, who says he is 83 years of age, and has not eaten meat for over fifty years.

Our friends must not think we are getting rich on selling "Black Beauty" at six and twelve cents.

We have paid for this book already thousands of dollars more than we have received from its sales.

The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming.—*Boston Transcript*, Jan. 24.

Treasurer of "American Humane Education Society,"

Hon. HENRY O. HOUGHTON,  
(Of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Treasurer of "Mass. Society P. C. Animals,"  
CHARLES FAIRCHILD, Esq.

Trustees of Permanent Funds of both Societies,  
Hon. SAMUEL C. COBB,  
CHARLES P. BOWDITCH, and GEO. T. ANGELL.

### DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

### THREE FRENCH STUDENTS

WHO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR AMERICAN STUDENTS TO FOLLOW.

The following incident occurred in Paris on the night of Dec. 24, 1841:—

A tall man, leaning on a stick, was making his way slowly and painfully along Mazarine Street; his clothing, an insufficient protection against the biting north wind, consisted of a pair of thin summer pantaloons, an old coat buttoned up to his chin, and a broad hat which was pulled down over his face so as to leave nothing visible except a long beard and thin white locks of hair falling upon his stooping shoulders. Under his arm he carried an object, oblong in shape, wrapped up in a checked handkerchief.

He crossed the bridge and the square of the Carrousel, reached the Palais Royal, and walked round the garden, stopping frequently as the floods of light and the savory odors which issued from the restaurants met him, then hurried away with tottering steps towards the Courdes Fontaines. Here he looked up at the lighted windows, and then, stopping under a small shed, put his stick against the wall within reach of his hand, unfastened the checked handkerchief, and displayed a violin. With trembling hands he tuned the instrument, and folding the handkerchief placed it under his chin, laid the violin tenderly upon it, and began to play. His strains, however, were so melancholy, that some street urchins who had stationed themselves in front of him took to their heels, and a dog near by began to howl. At last the player in despair sat down on a step, laid his violin across his knees, and said,—

"I can play no more. O my God, my God!"

The next instant three young men came tripping down the dark, narrow street.

They were singing a merry song which was then popular among the conservatory students, and, not perceiving the violinist, ran full against him.

As the old man got up and came out of the shadow, the newcomers exclaimed anxiously,—

"Pardon us, sir! Have we hurt you?"

"No," replied the player, stooping painfully to pick up his hat; but one of the young men sprang towards it and handed it to its owner, and another seeing the violin asked,—

"Are you a musician?"

"I once was," replied the poor man, while tears rose to his eyes.

"You are in trouble; can we do anything to help you?" cried the three comrades in a breath, and the musician looked at them earnestly for a minute, then answered,—

"Give me alms. I can no longer earn my living by playing, for my fingers have grown stiff. My daughter is dying of consumption and of poverty."

There was deep distress in the speaker's words, and his hearers were touched with pity; they hurriedly thrust their hands into their pockets and brought forth their whole contents. Alas! the total was eighty centimes. It was very little, and they looked at each other sadly.

"Friends!" cried one suddenly, "something must be done—this man is a brother musician. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I will take charge of the funds."

No sooner said than done. The three men turned up their coat collars, and pulled their caps down over their eyes.

"Now," cried the leader; "begin with your prize piece, Adolphe, so as to draw a crowd."

Beneath the practised touch of the young virtuoso the poor man's violin resounded joyously, and the "Carnival of Venice" rang out with wondrous brilliancy. Windows were thrown open, people crowded round the player, applause sounded on every side, and silver pieces were dropped into the old man's hat, placed conspicuously under the street lamp.

After a minute's pause the violinist played a prelude, and Charles, the leader, said,—

"It is your turn now, Gustave," and the young tenor sang "Vieux gentille dame" in a strong, clear, melting voice.

The audience, in an ecstasy of delight, cried "Again! again!" The crowd kept increasing and the collection with it. Charmed at the success of his plan, Charles said to his companions,—

"We will finish with the trio from 'William Tell.' Adolphe, old fellow, play the accompaniment and at the same time practise your bass notes, while I will do my best with the baritone."

As the song ceased applause rang through the air, and money dropped from the windows and from every pocket,

so that Charles was kept busy picking up the coins. The concert over, the crowd dispersed slowly, and wondering remarks were heard on every side.

"Those are not street musicians," said the people; "they would make one forget that M. Friquet is dead. What a lot of money they made! They can have a fine supper now! I believe they were artists who had laid a wager. I have been to the Grand Opera, I tell you, and they sang no better there."

Then the three young men approached the old musician, and he in a voice that trembled with emotion, exclaimed,—

"Tell me your names, that my daughter may remember you in her prayers!"

"My name is 'Faith,'" said the first artist.

"And mine is 'Hope,'" said the second.

"Then I am 'Charity,'" added the third, bringing up the hat which was overflowing with money.

"Ah, gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the old man, "let me at least tell you who it is that you have helped so generously. My name is Chappner. For ten years I was leader of the orchestra in Strasburg, where 'William Tell' was often given. Alas! ever since I left my home, misfortune, sickness, and sorrow have been gathering to overwhelm me. You have saved my life, young gentlemen, for with this money I can go back to Strasburg, where I have friends who will take care of my daughter, and her native air will, perhaps, restore her to health. Your talents, which you have so nobly devoted to my service, will be blessed. I predict you will one day be famous."

"Amen," replied the three friends, and linking their arms together gayly they continued their way down the street.

Now, if you are curious, my readers, to know how far old Chappner's prophecy was fulfilled, I will reveal the names of these three conservatory students.

The tenor was Gustave Roger.

The violinist was Adolphe Hermann; and

The collector was Charles Gounod.—*Home Journal.*

### TOUCHING INCIDENT.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Is the following little incident worthy of a place in your valuable paper, "*Our Dumb Animals*"?

A horse belonging to a grocer had been severely injured. How severely, and how terrible his suffering must have been, was not fully known till developed by a post-mortem examination. On the last morning of the faithful creature's life he heard the whistle sound for seven o'clock. This was the signal which usually brought his master to harness him into the delivery wagon, to commence the work of the day. Summoning all his remaining strength he walked out, unbidden, and placed himself between the shafts. In a moment or two he dropped dead.

"Force of habit," some will say. That we allow. But shall not all honor be conceded to the dumb animal even, whose habit of right doing is so strong, that though suffering unto death he will strive to respond to its call.

A.

### A CHILD OF SEVEN.

All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the winds of earth may bring

All sweet sounds together.  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,  
Welling waters, winsome word,

Wind in warm, warm weather:  
One thing yet there is, that none,  
Hearing ere its chiming be done,  
Knows not well the sweetest one

Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter;

Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very round and very light,  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
Where the soul of all delight

Fills a child's clear laughter.  
Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes, nor told  
Hours so blithe in tones so bold

As the radiant mouth of gold,  
Here that rings forth heaven.

If the golden-crested wren  
Were a nightingale, why, then,  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when

Laughs a child of seven.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

"Robert, you may give the name of some wild flower," said the teacher in botany. Robert thought awhile and then said: "Well, I reckon *Injun meal* comes about as near being wild flour as anything I know of."

Why is an elephant like a man going to a country house on a visit?

He always takes a trunk with him.

### GREAT MEN.

A senator from one of our new Western States, who had little experience in legislation, was asked by a brother senator, standing in a group of senators in the Senate chamber at Washington, "What were your impressions of the United States Senate when you first came here?" He answered: "*I wondered how I ever got here.*" "Well," continued the questioner, "what are your impressions now?" "*I wonder now how any of you ever got here.*"

Geo. Francis Train says his good old grandmother used to tell him about the great men down at Washington, but when he went down to Washington and saw the great men there, he concluded that his good old grandmother had been humbugging him. With all due respect to our lawmakers, the thought sometimes comes up: *Who are the really great men of our nation?*

What place shall we give to the men who plan, build, and direct our great systems of transportation—to the men who keep the wheels of our great manufactories moving—to the great merchants who gather from all parts of the earth the merchandise we use—to the men who direct those great monied institutions on which our prosperity so largely depends?

What place shall we give to the architects who plan and build these great American business palaces, twelve and fourteen stories high, now going up in Boston and other cities?

What place to the inventors of machinery that moves our railroad trains, our great ocean steamships, the wonderful looms of our factories, and prints, it may be, half a million copies of our newspaper in a single night?

What place to Ericsson, whose invention at a critical period of our war saved Norfolk Navy Yard, Fortress Monroe, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and perhaps the unity of the nation? What place to this almost superhuman Edison? What place to the poets and writers who touch the hearts of millions? What place to the astronomers who measure the distances, size, and orbits of the heavenly bodies?

Come to think of it, there are lots of great men outside the halls of legislation; and, while we would not detract from the fame of honest and wise statesmen, it may be quite well to instruct the youth in our public and private schools that they may become great men, and good men too, without going to Washington.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### HE KNEW HIS RIGHTS.

"Say, you let go of that!" shouted the driver.

"Don't you try to run over me," retorted the pedestrian.

The conversation took place at a muddy crossing on Western Avenue yesterday morning, between the driver of a delivery wagon and a man with a basket on his arm. The latter, to avoid being run over, had seized the horse by the bridle and stopped the animal with a suddenness that nearly threw the driver off his seat.

"Keep out of the way if you don't want to get run over!" yelled the Jehu.

"My friend," answered the man on the crossing, still holding the horse by the bits, "don't you know that this crossing belongs to the people of Chicago?"

"You let go that horse!"

"Now, be reasonable, my dear sir. This crossing is merely a continuation of the sidewalk. It belongs to the pedestrians. I have the right of way, and"—

"If you don't let go of that I'll"—

"Hold on a moment. Don't get excited, my friend. The law is perfectly clear on this point. The courts have decided time and again that a person who is on a street crossing"—

"You let go of that horse or I'll break your head!"

"Be calm, my friend. Preserve your equilibrium. It is the case of Varner vs. Neber, 44th Ill., page"—

"Take that!" roared the infuriated driver, striking at him with his whip.

"Once more I ask you not to get excited," answered the man on the crossing, dodging the whip. "You will find, by referring to the well-known case of Slean vs. Dockruss, 47th Ill., page 33"—

The driver landed his whip this time squarely on the shoulders of the argumentative citizen.

"Now will you let go that horse?" he fiercely demanded. "Certainly," was the answer. "If you won't listen to the law, I shall have to try another kind of argument."

The next instant the driver found himself jerked out of the wagon and rolling over and over in the street. He was dragged through a mud puddle on his back, turned over and pulled through it again on his face, and when he was permitted to get up his most intimate creditor would n't have known him.

"You may climb in and drive on again, my friend," said the citizen, picking up his basket. "You don't look quite so handsome as you did, but you know a good deal more about the law."



## THE BEGGING ELEPHANT.

We take the following from "Horse Stories, etc.," by Col. Thomas Knox, published by "Cassell Publishing Company," New York city:—

"The most curious and interesting animal which I have met," says M. Jacolliot, a French gentleman who lived many years in India, "is the elephant. Not the elephant of the menageries, broken in spirit and submissive, but the elephant as he is found in his native country. Some instances of his aptitude and intelligence are marvellous.

"A few leagues from Pondicherry stands a pagoda called 'Willenoor,' which at the grand feasts of May receives a multitude of five or six hundred thousand pilgrims, coming from all parts of India. A number of sacred elephants are attached to this pagoda, and among them is a mendicant or begging elephant. Twice each week this elephant, accompanied by his driver, goes to the villages and to Pondicherry to beg alms for the priests of Willenoor.

"Many times while I have been working beneath my veranda, closed in by curtains on the first story of my house, I have seen him lift the movable curtain with his great trunk and balance himself to ask me for a piece of small coin, which he sucked from my hand to his trunk, a distance of more than three inches. I never failed to give him a small piece of money for the pagoda, and for himself a loaf of bread which my servant dipped in molasses, of which the elephant was very fond. In a short time we became very friendly. He had seen me only in undress, that is, in the light silk garments of the country, and then only across the little pillars of the balcony of my cottage.

"One day I had occasion to go to Willenoor on business. I arrived at noon; the sun was burning the earth; no one was seen in the streets or on the verandas; every one was resting.

"My carriage had stopped under a mango tree in the principal square, and I was about to start for the house of the thasildar, or governor of the village, when all at once a monstrous black elephant came running out of the pagoda which was opposite. He arrived in front of us, and, before I had time to collect my senses, he lifted me up, placed me on his neck, and started at full speed for the pagoda; he carried me across the first inclosure, in which was the great well for bathing, and brought me direct to the elephant quarters.

"Once there he placed me on the ground in the centre of all his companions. It was the begging elephant; he had recognized me. He uttered short cries, lifting his trunk and waving his ears, which his friends doubtless interpreted to my advantage, for when the thasildar, followed by the priests of the temple, came out to seek the cause of this strange demonstration, they found me calm, and recovered from my surprise, in the midst of these enormous beasts, who were tendering an ovation in my behalf.

"This is most remarkable," said one of the priests; "I have never seen them act so friendly toward any one."

"I related to him the circumstances of my gifts to the begging elephant.

"I am no longer surprised," he answered; "he has already told the whole band, and the gourmands are paying you these attentions in hope of getting the same reward."

"Is it possible?" I said with amazement.

"I am perfectly sure of it. Do you wish to see the proof? Pass your arm around the trunk of your elephant friend, and make him understand by signs that you wish him to go out with you; they will all follow you. Allow yourself to be led and you will see where they will bring you."

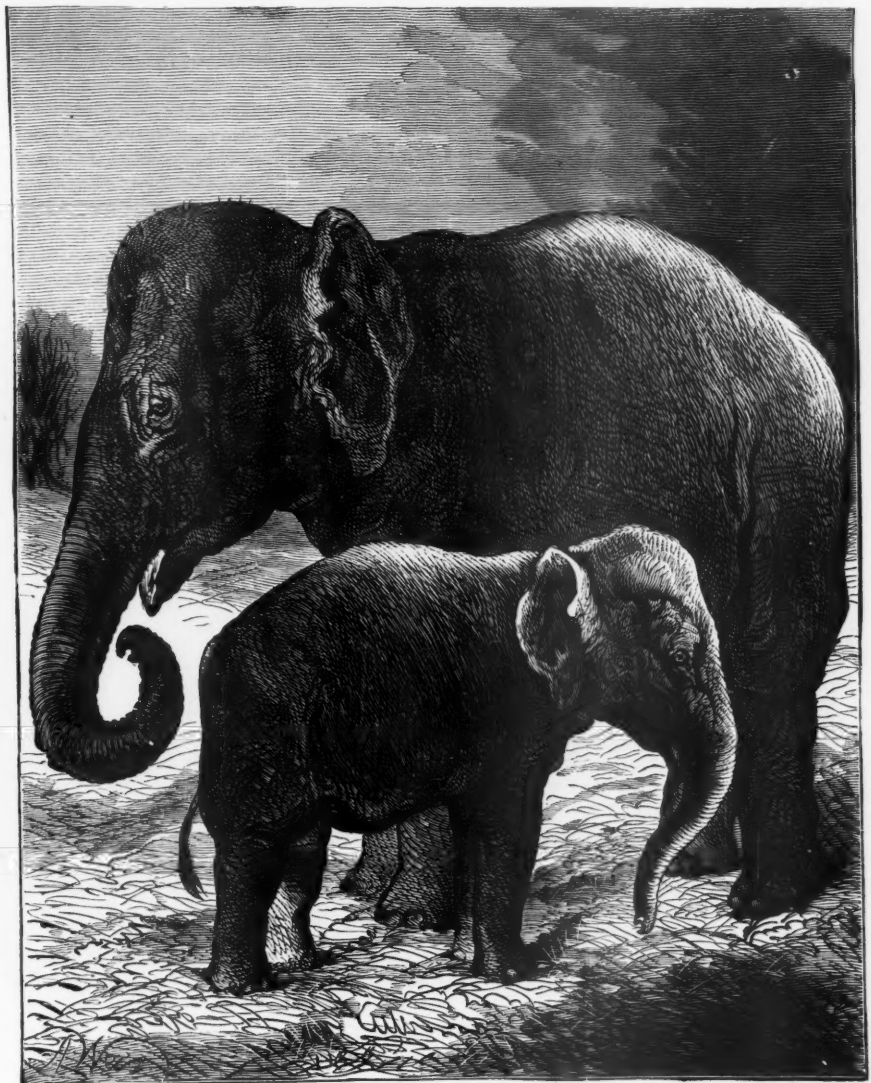
"I followed his instructions. The begging elephant and I took up the lead, the nine others joined in the pace, uttering cries of contentment among themselves. We passed through the gate of the pagoda, and they led me directly to the shop of a native baker. I would have been utterly astounded had I not already known the wonderful intelligence of these animals. At the shop my duty was readily understood, and I presented to each one a loaf of bread covered with the precious molasses syrup, which is their greatest delicacy.

"The priest with whom I had already spoken, and who was a professor of philosophy at the temple of Willenoor, told me that from time to time the begging elephant managed to escape from them, and wandered as far as Pondicherry to beg on his own account. Knowing perfectly the market where he obtained the provisions on his expeditions, he would go there, place the money he had collected on the table of a fruit merchant, and eat as many pineapples, bananas, mangoes, and as much sugar-cane and arrack, as the Hindoo would allow him for the money."

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

From "Horse and other Stories," used by kind permission of publishers, Cassell & Co., N. Y. City.

## WINTER-TIME FUN.

Fun to hear the noise it makes,  
As the wind goes by;  
Fun to watch the pretty flakes,  
Dancing in the sky.

Fun to see them dropping down,  
All so soft and light;  
Covering the cold earth, brown,  
With a blanket white.

Fun to note the chickadees,  
In their garments warm,  
Gayly flit among the trees,  
Heeding not the storm.

Fun to hear the "ting-a-ling"  
Of the merry bells,  
Pleasant are the thoughts they bring,  
As their music swells.

Fun to set up giants tall,  
Images of snow;  
Eyes, and ears, and nose, and all,  
Fashioned so-and-so.

Fun upon the long hillside,  
With the sled and sleigh;  
Fun to take a jolly ride  
On a coaster gay.

Fun to skate upon the ice,  
Frozen smooth and thick;  
Hither, thither, in a trice—  
As the birds as quick.

Sights and sounds and merry plays,  
Jolly every one;  
Oh, the merry winter days  
Is the time for fun.

## A GOOD WAY TO MAKE GOOD MEN.

There is in Paris what is called a *Little Seminary*, an institution like most of our classical colleges. The rules of the house are based on the purest spirit of piety and virtue. The boys who distinguish themselves in their classes are rewarded in a way that may seem surprising to our readers: *They are allowed to visit and help the poor.*

But the most beautiful custom is observed on New Year's night. The day itself, which in France is kept as we keep Christmas, as a home and family feast, is passed by the boys in their own families. In the evening they return to college full of the joys of the day, with the affectionate greetings of father and mother and friends lingering in their ears, and, of course, loaded with good things. Night prayers are said soon after their entry, and the signal given for retiring. Out they file from the study hall; but when they reach the door, they find two large dishes set out on small tables, and each one, as he passes, puts on these whatever his generosity inspires him to give of the good things he has brought with him from home. Cakes and candies, toys and trinkets and money, soon fill the dishes, and these go to the poor.

A beautiful custom truly, and a Christian one.—*Catholic T. A. News, Philadelphia.*

## DON'T TOUCH WIRES.

## A RULE TO BE TAUGHT IN EVERY SCHOOL.

It is always best to avoid danger, if possible; therefore, there is one rule which ought to be taught in every school in the United States, and that is—never lift a wire off the ground.

A telegraph wire is perfectly harmless, but an electric wire is always deadly. When you see a wire hanging from a pole or a house, or in any position, it may not be dangerous, but it may kill you.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 9117 Welchville, Me.  
Welchville Band.  
Sec., Mildred Coy.  
9118 Faithful Band.  
P., Wm. J. Deacon.  
9119 Camden, Me.  
Humana Schola.  
P., T. E. Groninger.  
9120 Abbot Village, Me.  
Abbot Village Band.  
P., Maude Bradman.  
9121 Aurora, Ill.  
Methodist Church Band.  
P., Faith Smith.  
9122 Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Froebel Band.  
P., Alexander R. Martin.  
9123 Walnut Grove, Cal.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., Ella Eastman.  
9124 Sparta, Wis.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Miss G. Lamson.  
9125 Bangor, Wis.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Emma Mackenzie.  
9126 Wilnot, S. Dak.  
Loyal Legion Band.  
P., Mrs. G. J. Jenkins.  
9127 Hartford, Wis.  
Wheelock Band.  
P., E. N. Andrews.  
9128 Joplin, Mo.  
Public Schools.  
Henry Shaw Band.  
P., S. A. Underwood.  
9129 T. H. Benton Band.  
P., V. L. Lawter.  
9130 Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. S. J. Haven.  
9131 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Eunice Timmons.  
9132 Canary Band.  
P., Jessie Stephenson.  
9133 Redbird Band.  
P., Cora Lichtur.  
9134 Golden Rod Band.  
P., Mrs. L. Antles.  
9135 Violet Band.  
P., Letta Speaks.  
9136 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., L. W. Kost.  
9137 Heliotrope Band.  
P., Mrs. E. B. Siston.  
9138 Mocking-bird Band.  
P., W. A. Nickell.  
9139 George Washington Band.  
P., Sarah E. Bell.  
9140 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. L. W. Kost.  
9141 Redbird Band No. 2.  
P., Tillie M. Hamilton.  
9142 Lily Band.  
P., Kate Reed.  
9143 Robin Band.  
P., Mamie E. Robinson.  
9144 Bluebird Band.  
P., Mrs. G. A. Coons.  
9145 Buttercups Band.  
P., Judith Barner.  
9146 Lincoln Band.  
P., John D. Walton.  
9147 Golden Rule Band.  
P., E. B. Dennison.  
9148 Geo. T. Angell Band.  
P., Miss W. Franklin.  
9149 I'll Try Band.  
P., Miss Robinson.  
9150 Never Fail Band.  
P., Maggie Murphy.  
9151 Sunshine Band.  
P., Lizzie Guier.  
9152 Star Band.  
P., Addie Ellison.  
9153 Hope Band.  
P., Mattie Greer.  
9154 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Della Buchanan.  
9155 Snowdrop Band.  
P., Ella Funk.  
9156 Bluebell Band.  
P., Mary Duncan.  
9157 Goldfinch Band.  
P., J. T. Livingston.  
9158 Dove Band.  
P., Ida Calfee.  
9159 Whittier Band.  
P., E. B. Dennison.  
9160 Longfellow Band.  
P., Addie Wood.  
9161 Afton, Ind. Ter.  
Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Mattie Moore.  
9162 Fort Smith, Ark.  
Public Schools.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., L. H. Venable.  
9163 Redbird Band.  
P., A. Nedrey.
- 9164 Canary Band.  
P., Dora L. Hunt.  
9165 Lily of the Valley Band.  
P., Maggie Wood.  
9166 Magnolia Band.  
P., Anna K. Thompson.  
9167 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Clara S. Johnson.  
9168 Sweet Violet Band.  
P., M. C. Evans.  
9169 Rosebud Band.  
P., Emma E. McClure.  
9170 Pink Rose Band.  
P., Gertrude Lauduback.  
9171 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Anna Hutchinson.  
9172 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Hubert J. Hall.  
9173 Bluebird Band.  
P., Lizzie C. Perkins.  
9174 Mocking-bird Band.  
P., Minnie Lewers.  
9175 Calla Lily Band.  
P., Dora Shelby.  
9176 Pansy Band.  
P., Josephine McCarthy.  
9177 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Cassie Conway.  
9178 Mayflower Band.  
P., Sue Webber.  
9179 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. E. N. Gregory.  
9180 Whittier Band.  
P., A. H. Carter.  
9181 I'll Try Band.  
P., D. P. Nicholson.  
9182 Longfellow Band.  
P., Nora Cooney.  
9183 Never Fail Band.  
P., Abbie Smith.  
9184 Geo. T. Angell Band.  
P., C. T. McClintock.  
9185 Heliotrope Band.  
P., J. M. Long.  
9186 Forget-me-not Band No. 2.  
P., M. L. Baker.  
9187 Tulip Band.  
P., Margaret Duryer.  
9188 White Lily Band.  
P., Julia Doyle.  
9189 Violet Band.  
P., Lizzie Shepard.  
9190 Honeysuckle Band.  
P., A. L. Cunningham.  
9191 Busy Bee Band No. 2.  
P., Elizabeth W. Meyer.  
9192 Rosebud Band.  
P., Lillie Lee.  
9193 Geranium Band.  
P., G. H. W. Stewart.  
9194 Hyacinth Band.  
P., E. V. Trent.  
9195 Daisy Band.  
P., Clara Hilliard.  
9196 Lily Band.  
P., Maggie Arlington.  
9197 Canary Band No. 2.  
P., Mamie Stewart.  
9198 Rose Band.  
P., Carrie Burnett.  
9199 Robin Redbreast Band.  
P., Sophronia Ellis.  
9200 Bluebird Band.  
P., F. G. Arrington.  
9201 Ft. Smith, Ark.  
Catholic Schools.  
Canary Band.  
P., Sister Augustine.  
9202 Lily of the Valley Band.  
P., Sister Bernard.  
9203 Assumption Lily Band.  
P., Sister Ignatius.  
9204 Rosebud Band.  
P., Sister Agnes.  
9205 Ft. Smith, Ark.  
St. Boniface School.  
Lily Band.  
P., Sister Walburga.  
9206 Violet Band.  
P., Sister Lioba.  
9207 Altoona, Pa.  
Friendship Band.  
P., M. E. Trout.  
9208 Montreal, P. Q.  
Martin Band.  
P., M. Martin.  
9209 Loogootee, Ind.  
Pansy Band.  
P., Julia Feagan.  
9210 Aurora, Ill.  
Claim St. Bapt. Band.  
P., Clara Case.  
9211 Little Rock, Ark.  
Public Schools.  
Robin Band.  
P., Sena H. Wallace.  
9212 Redbird Band.  
P., Mrs. A. B. Jenkins.  
9213 Sweet Violet Band.  
P., Alice B. Smith.  
9214 Lily of the Valley Band.  
P., Teanie Brodie.
- 9215 Magnolia Band.  
P., Emma A. Moore.  
9216 Mocking-bird Band.  
P., Gertrude Pitts.  
9217 Lilac Band.  
P., Minnie Chestnutt.  
9218 Canary Band.  
P., Cora Mesler.  
9219 Cotton Plant Band.  
P., Mrs. B. B. Sterling.  
9220 Rose Band.  
P., Eva G. Telford.  
9221 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. Annie D. Haile.  
9222 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., R. H. Parham.  
9223 Rosebud Band.  
P., Abbie Whitcomb.  
9224 Busy Bee Band.  
P., M. E. Rightsell.  
9225 Pansy Band.  
P., Bertha Huntley.  
9226 Little Robin Band.  
P., Carrie Reburn.  
9227 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Mrs. Hinton.  
9228 Cornstalk Band.  
P., Mary Lockhart.  
9229 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. George.  
9230 Hyacinth Band.  
P., Annie Grifley.  
9231 Canary Band No. 2.  
P., Kate Cuddihy.  
9232 Bluebird Band.  
P., Rose Galligan.  
9233 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Annie Boyce.  
9234 Violet Band.  
P., Mary M. Giotfelter.  
9235 Turtle Dove Band.  
P., Laura R. Blocher.  
9236 Mayflower Band.  
P., Maggie Murphy.  
9237 Buttercups Band.  
P., Sue C. Easley.  
9238 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Lewis Rhoton.  
9239 Pansy Band.  
P., Pauline Fletcher.  
9240 Lily Band.  
P., M. B. Brooks.  
9241 Rosebud Band.  
P., Kate Cunningham.  
9242 Magnolia Band.  
P., Carrie Grover.  
9243 Pansy Band.  
P., Ida M. Killian.  
9244 Water Lily Band.  
P., Nella Cunningham.  
9245 Violet Band.  
P., Babe McCabe.  
9246 Goldenrod Band.  
P., E. Schader.  
9247 Lincoln Band.  
P., J. G. Ish.  
9248 Douglass Band.  
P., Mary A. Armstead.  
9249 Garfield Band.  
P., Frances M. Logan.  
9250 U. S. Grant Band.  
P., Mary E. Smith.  
9251 Longfellow Band.  
P., F. E. Barbour.  
9252 J. G. Whittier Band.  
P., Mary M. Burnett.  
9253 Summer Band.  
P., Mrs. M. E. Stight.  
9254 Douglass Band.  
P., J. O. W. Alexander.  
9255 Heliotrope Band.  
P., Mrs. M. U. Keats.  
9256 Geranium Band.  
P., Corinne Jordan.  
9257 Snowbird Band.  
P., Mary E. Reedus.  
9258 Sparrow Band.  
P., Mrs. M. G. Ish.  
9259 Willing Workers Band.  
P., L. E. Stevens.  
9260 Never Fail Band.  
P., V. E. Thomas.  
9261 I'll Try Band.  
P., C. C. Riley.  
9262 Daisy Band.  
P., Fannie Holman.  
9263 Lilac Band.  
P., Mrs. R. M. Eaton.  
9264 Morning Glory Band.  
P., Mary J. Fagan.  
9265 Tulip Band.  
P., Elizabeth A. Sanford.  
9266 Sunshine Band.  
P., Julia E. Brown.  
9267 Star Band.  
P., Mary Whitcomb.  
9268 Hope Band.  
P., Annie Sedwidge.  
9269 Little Rock, Ark.  
Ark. Baptist College.  
Lovejoy Band.  
P., J. E. Knox.
- 9270 Garrison Band.  
P., E. L. Tibry.  
9271 Attucks Band.  
P., E. M. Keith.  
St. Paul, Minn.  
9272 Lincoln Band.  
9273 Independence Band.  
9274 Humane Band.  
9275 Willing Workers Band.  
9276 Helping Hands Band.  
9277 Golden Rule Band.  
9278 Patient Helpers Band.  
9279 Merciful Band.  
9280 Protecting Band.  
9281 I'll Try Band.  
9282 Dew Drop Band.  
9283 Little Sunbeams Band.  
9284 Kindness Band.  
9285 Morning Star Band.  
9286 Baltimore, Md.  
Truthful Band.  
P., C. H. Hesse.  
9287 Stafford Springs, Conn.  
Helpful Band.  
P., Nettie L. Welch.  
9288 Andover, Mass.  
Abbot Vil. School Band.  
P., Fannie W. Meldrum.  
9289 Milwaukee, Wis.  
Layton Park Band.  
P., Arthur Brochell.  
9290 New York, N. Y.  
St. Michael's Band.  
P., Miss A. S. Eastman.  
9291 Bradford, Pa.  
Humane Band.  
P., Mrs. P. L. Wakelee.  
9292 Little Rock, Ark.  
Convent of Mercy.  
Lily Band.  
P., Sister Paula.  
9293 Rose Band.  
P., Sister Cammles.  
9294 Violet Band.  
P., Sister Patricia.  
9295 Tulip Band.  
P., Sister Scholastica.  
9296 Verbena Band.  
P., Sister Sebastian.  
9297 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Sister Genivior.  
9298 Magnolia Band.  
P., Sister Lucina.  
9299 Sweet William Band.  
P., Sister Florence.  
9300 Buttercups Band.  
P., Sister Adelaide.  
9301 Pansy Band.  
P., Sister Angelica.  
9302 Daisy Band.  
P., Sister Minnie.  
9303 Bluebell Band.  
P., Sister Francis.  
9304 Snowball Band.  
P., Sister Alphonsus.  
9305 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Sister Berchmans.  
9306 Mayflower Band.  
P., Sister Gabriel.  
9307 Hyacinth Band.  
P., Sister Ursula.  
9308 Little Rock, Ark.  
School for Blind.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mr. Trubing.  
9309 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Coleman.  
9310 We Will Try Band.  
P., Mr. Higgs.  
9311 Bluebell Band.  
P., Mrs. Shannon.  
9312 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Moore.  
9313 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Wells.  
9314 Douglas Band.  
P., Prof. Ish.  
9315 Little Rock, Ark.  
Coy School.  
Holly Band.  
P., Miss Coy.  
9316 Little Rock, Ark.  
Orphans' Home.  
Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. S. K. Hart.  
9317 Little Rock, Ark.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mr. Tucker.  
9318 I'll Try Band.  
P., Sarah Henly.  
9319 Edwards Band.  
P., Andrew Rust.  
9320 Little Rock, Ark.  
University.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., Mr. Alabasta.  
9321 Whittier Band.  
P., W. W. Wallace.  
9322 Geo. T. Angell Band.  
P., Mrs. Sue S. King.  
9323 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., E. W. Rittenhouse.



- 9394 Smith College.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., Thos. Mason.
- 9395 Douglas Band.  
P., Jas. M. Cox.
- 9396 Sumner Band.  
P., W. N. Speckman.
- 9397 Lucretia Mott Band.  
P., Miss A. E. Arnold.
- 9398 H. B. Stowe Band.  
P., Helen Richardson.
- 9399 W. L. Garrison Band.  
P., Mrs. Hattie W. Cox.
- 9400 John G. Whittier Band.  
P., Lucy J. Johnson.
- 9401 Ark. Female College.  
Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. M. C. Warner.
- 9402 Wisteria Band.  
P., Mrs. G. U. Spinner.
- 9403 Argenta, Ark.  
Public Schools.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., W. T. Somerville.
- 9404 Lily Band.  
P., Maggie Faucette.
- 9405 Robin Redbreast Band.  
P., Ollie Chick.
- 9406 Wilberforce Band.  
P., G. L. Hines.
- 9407 Katie Lee Band.  
P., H. F. Coleman.
- 9408 Little Rock, Ark.  
Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. Horton.
- 9409 Pine Bluff, Ark.  
White School.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., Miss Johnson.
- 9410 Audubon Band.  
P., Miss Jones.
- 9411 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Miss A. Currier.
- 9412 C. S. Hubbard Band.  
P., Mrs. Tomlinson.
- 9413 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Etta B. Smith.
- 9414 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Florence Adams.
- 9415 Pansy Band.  
P., Maude Henderson.
- 9416 Rosebud Band.  
P., Jennie Akin.
- 9417 Violet Band.  
P., Aline J. Simon.
- 9418 John G. Whittier Band.  
P., Lizzie Gerhardt.
- 9419 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Myra Wrightman.
- 9420 Pine Bluff, Ark.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., Miss A. H. Lacy.
- 9421 Pine Bluff, Ark.  
Colored Schools.  
Perry Band.  
P., M. R. Perry.
- 9422 Mocking-bird Band.  
P., Mrs. Cartwright.
- 9423 Canary Band.  
P., S. J. Middlebrooks.
- 9424 Lincoln Band.  
P., Kate Barnett.
- 9425 Douglas Band.  
P., Annie Pattillo.
- 9426 Lily Band.  
P., Bettie Rayford.
- 9427 Sumner Band.  
P., S. W. Crump.
- 9428 Lovejoy Band.  
P., Miss Alexander.
- 9429 Geo. T. Angell Band.  
P., Elnora Shanks.
- 9430 Crump Academy.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., A. B. Crump.
- 9431 Johnston Academy.  
Whittier Band.  
P., Rev. Lewis Johnson.
- 9432 Rose Band.  
P., Miss M. L. Harding.
- 9433 Tulip Band.  
P., A. B. Gibson.
- 9434 Catholic Schools.  
Violet Band.  
P., Sister Celia.
- 9435 Daisy Band.  
P., Sister Mary Magdalena.
- 9436 Rose Band.  
P., Sister Laurine.
- 9437 Lily of the Valley Band.  
P., Sister Agnes Mary.
- 9438 Lilac Band.  
P., Sister Cecilia.
- 9439 Humming-bird Band.  
P., Sister Clarissa.
- 9440 Bird of Paradise Band.  
P., Sister Julia.
- 9441 Robin Band.  
P., Sister Mary Luke.
- 9442 Redbird Band.  
P., Sister Anatolie.
- 9443 Canary Band.  
P., Sister Austina.
- 9444 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Sister Marciano.
- 9445 State Normal School.  
W. L. Garrison Band.  
P., J. C. Corbin.
- 9446 H. B. Stowe Band.  
P., J. C. Smith.
- 9447 Douglas Band.  
P., Miss A. A. Sizemon.



SABBATHDAY LAKE, NEW GLOUCESTER, ME.

- 9378 Sumner Band.  
P., T. G. Childrus.
- 9379 Norwich, Conn.  
Kindness Band.  
P., John B. Porteous.
- 9380 Woodman, Wis.  
Woodman Band.  
P., Grace E. Menkhauser.
- 9381 Des Moines, Iowa.  
Black Beauty Band.  
P., Charlotte M. King.
- 9382 Clarksburg, W. Va.  
Academy Band.  
P., Dora Ridenour.
- 9383 Loogootee, Ind.  
Pansy Band.  
P., Carl Houghton.
- 9384 Baltimore, Md.  
Violet Band.  
P., Emma Gebhardt.
- 9385 St. Thomas, Ont.  
St. Thomas School.  
Oriole Band.  
P., Hattie Robinson.
- 9386 Bluebird Band.  
P., Emma Morgan.
- 9387 Canary Band.  
P., Bertie Honsberger.
- 9388 Robin Band.  
P., Winnie Graham.
- 9389 St. Thomas Friends' Mission School.  
Maple Leaf Band.  
P., Henry H. Way.
- 9390 Texarkana, Texas.  
Goldenrod Band.  
P., Mrs. Witherspoon.
- 9391 Happy Band.  
P., Miss Halligan.
- 9392 Sunshine Band.  
P., Miss Read.
- 9393 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Garoutle.
- 9394 Tuberosa Band.  
P., Mrs. Wisdorn.
- 9395 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mr. Dillford.
- 9396 Never Fail Band.  
P., Miss Alexander.
- 9397 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Miss Phelps.
- 9398 Texarkana, Ark.  
Public Schools.  
Rosebud Band.  
P., Miss Lampkin.
- 9399 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Taylor.
- 9400 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Miss Owen.
- 9401 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Williams.
- 9402 Tuberosa Band.  
P., Miss Candler.
- 9403 Magnolia Band.  
P., Mrs. Archer.
- 9404 Longfellow Band.  
P., G. G. Williams.
- 9405 Texarkana, Ark.  
Colored Schools.  
Garnett Band.  
P., T. S. D. Berger.
- 9406 Longfellow Band.  
P., Mr. Murphy.
- 9407 Douglas Band.  
P., Mrs. Dawson.
- 9408 Lincoln Band.  
P., Miss Smith.

## SABBATHDAY LAKE — NEW GLOUCESTER, MAINE.

This beautiful sheet of water, situated near the *Shaker village* in the northwest part of New Gloucester, Maine, nearly three miles long and a mile wide, surrounded by pine woods and hills and fed by springs, is of great purity, and the celebrated Poland Spring House is only two miles away. The name of this lovely body of water is said to have been derived from the fact that in early times, before any settlement had been made in that part of the country, a party of hunters were accustomed to spend on its shores their Sabbath days.

Miss *Lavina McIntire*, now in her eighty-fourth year, the oldest member of the Shaker society, has for more than a quarter of a century been in the habit of feeding the field or song sparrows from the window-sill of her room, where they come at all hours of the day. During these many years she has three times changed her residence to a different house, but each time her sparrows have followed her, and, alighting on the window-sill of her room, called her attention to their presence.

About the middle of October of each year the sparrows disappear, and about the middle of May put in their appearance.

Their favorite food is flour bread, moistened with milk; they carry it to their young while in the nests, until they are able to use their wings and come with the old ones.

## THE SNOW-FAIRIES.

When the forests are dreary,  
The leaves drop down,  
The valleys are silent,  
The meadows are brown;  
When the days are gloomy,  
And the winds blow cold,  
And the sheep come home  
To the sheltering fold,

Then the good snow-fairies come out of the north,  
Whitening and freezing the summer rain,  
And drop it down from the darkened sky  
Till the pure drifts cover each hill and plain.

They scatter it over  
The earth in stars,  
Diamonds, and crosses,  
And crystal bars;  
The meadows are heaped  
With their magic sheaves;  
The trees are draped  
With their spotless leaves:

Drop, drop, drop! for the plumy flakes  
Must bury the blossoms that lie asleep—  
Violet, crow-foot, and adder-tongue,  
Shelter and cover up warm and deep.

They make the coasting  
For Bob and Will;  
They freeze the pond  
By the ruined mill;  
They waken the sleigh-bell's  
Rhyme and chime,  
And fill the stockings  
At New Year time:

They cheer and gladden the children's hearts  
As the bitter weather flies swiftly by,  
Till the spring comes back, and the sunshine drifts  
From the shadowless depth of the far-off sky.

## HUMANE EDUCATION.

I have never seen a man, where cruelty to animals was the habit of early years, who was other than cruel and tyrannous to all within his power. At the same time, I have never seen children, who were brought up to be kind to domestic animals, who did not continue to be generally kind and considerate to all. I venture the assertion that there would be no surer way of improving society than by systematic efforts to induce the development of kindness to animals among children.

W. G. Todd, editor. "The Teacher's Outlook." In essay written for prize of three hundred dollars offered by our "American Humane Education Society" for best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime."

## ONE HUMANE DRIVER.

One day during the winter a fine-looking horse attached to a grocer's wagon fell down in the middle of a slippery pavement. The driver did not jump down and belabor the animal with a club, as most drivers would have done. He did alight from his wagon and loosen the harness upon the horse. Then he took from the wagon a lap robe and spread it upon the slippery pavement near the fallen horse's feet. The intelligent animal did not mistake the mute suggestion. He eyed the robe for a moment, then he edged around until his feet were upon it. With an effort he struggled to an upright position and then lifted his feet while the driver picked up the robe.

## MANNERS FOR BOYS.

In the street—Hat lifted when saying "Good by" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door—Hat off the moment you step in a house or private office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

The question, "What is eternity?" was put in writing to a French boy in the deaf and dumb school in Paris. He wrote as an answer, "The lifetime of the Almighty."

## AN AMERICAN QUEEN.

## A MILLIONAIRE'S MODEL WIFE.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller—the wife of the great Standard Oil king, whose fortune is estimated at over one hundred million dollars, and who is adding to it so rapidly that, if he lives, in a few years he will be the wealthiest man on this continent—is a modest, quiet, unassuming woman, devoted to her household, her family, and her home, and who never figures in the society newspapers or in the great social events of New York. It is because she wills it so. She has no taste or inclination for fast life. Like her husband, she is a member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. The Rockefellers live on West Fifty-fourth Street, in New York city, opposite St. Luke's Hospital; and the inmates of that place where so much pain, misery, and sorrow is daily seen, know Mrs. Rockefeller better than the habitues of Fifth Avenue. Two or three times a week she visits the hospital, carries flowers and delicacies there for the poor and sick, and in other ways tries to bring sunshine into the lives of the poor unfortunates. She gives away a great deal of money and is always trying to do good. Her home is not very pretentious. Mrs. Rockefeller's two daughters employ the services of but one maid. *These daughters, Alta and Edith, have been brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and have been taught to wait upon themselves.* There are no powdered flunkeys at the door; a white-capped maid takes the visitor's card, and Mrs. Rockefeller, if she cares to see the caller, very soon appears in her reception-room. *She is her own housekeeper and keeps a set of books in which every cent expended is accounted for.* It is said she can turn back ten years and tell the exact amount of money spent in any week of the year. Her eldest daughter is now the wife of Rev. Charles Strong, son of the president of the Utica Theological Seminary. The three daughters were educated at Vassar, and the oldest one, instead of spending her allowance for luxuriously furnished rooms and rich gowns, paid for two years the college bill of a pretty girl from the country who was working her way through school. It is a model American home; there are prayers in the morning and in the evening, and sometimes father, mother, and children gather round the organ in the back parlor and together sing a hymn or two. Mrs. Rockefeller is perhaps forty-five years of age.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## MICHELET AND HIS ANGORA.

Michelet and his Angora were a sight. That cat felt his spirit if it did not appreciate his mind. In winter it served him as a boa. He had loose sleeves made on purpose to his overcoats to let the cat stay in them when he went out in cold weather. I saw the Angora creep into a sleeve at Michelet's order. The poet-historian then folded his hands in both sleeves on the cat, which purred forth its enjoyment of the situation.

## BELLS FOR THE SHEEP.

My experience for thirty years proves what I state. I have kept sheep all that time, a mile from home, beside a road constantly travelled by dogs, and have never lost a sheep by them, while there is not another flock in this vicinity which has not been raided. When I hear of a case I have taken pains to ascertain if the sheep had bells on, which has not been the fact in a single instance. Fifty bells, costing not over \$8 with straps and buckles complete, are enough for a hundred sheep, and about \$2 a year will keep the bells good—in case you get the cow-bell pattern, which are cast on a staple through which the strap passes, and not those cast with a shank, which passes through the strap, leaving a small part of the strap entire. The wear coming all the time in one place, the corners of the shank and the wire soon cut the strap off. This kind are hardly worth the trouble of putting on.

The plan of scattering poison broadcast to kill dogs which happen to be crossing the pasture, as well as birds, cats, and other innocent animals, will not be done by humane men. Again, there is no barbed wire in the market that will stop my sheep; the wool protects the skin, and the wire springs enough to let the sheep through. The lower wire gives the most trouble, as it cannot be fastened down.—*R. W. Mathewson, in The Country Gentleman.*

Teacher, to dull boy of the class: "Which New England State has two capitals?" Boy: "New Hampshire." Teacher: "Indeed! Name them." Boy: "Capital N and capital H."

## A BRAVE FELLOW.

A number of boys were skating and sliding in Yorkshire. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake and one poor little fellow fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help; no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in case the ice should give way and swallow them all up.

But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on thin ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice.

It only took him a moment to remember all that; the next he spoke to his friends something after this fashion:

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge: then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way, and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line long enough to reach Reuben."

Thus, taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would very soon have sunk.—*London Telegraph.*

The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not only for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript.*

## HOW COL. WHITE FEEDS THE SPARROWS.

Every day about 10 o'clock there appears in the doorway of the Pierpont house, Brooklyn, a gentleman with gray hair, and whiskers of a rather English pattern. The closely buttoned frock-coat shows the figure of a well-kept man, careful and methodical in his habits. This man is Col. P. White, who for the last twenty years has been a boarder at the Montague Street Hotel, and who is as well known as the very name of the house he inhabits.

Regular as a planet, rain or shine, Col. White appears with the same object in view.

He feeds the sparrows, who daily await in the big tree opposite the hotel the appearance of their friend.

Generally Col. White has a handful of corn bread. When he stands outside the door the little gray and brown birds swoop down from their perches. Some of the boldest light on Col. White's arms and shoulders, and there is one very sedate and methodical bird that will take his stand on the Colonel's thumb and pick crumbs from his open hand.

Not less than twenty sparrows are regular in their attendance, and often there are a half a hundred chirping and twittering for their share of the food. When the crowd is unusually large Col. White walks around to the Hicks Street side and deals out the crumbs on the sidewalk or on the asphalt street. Some of the birds know his voice, and stand around his feet, twittering impatiently for their rations. When the meal is ended they are told to go, and they do, but only to return about five o'clock in the afternoon for their dinner from the same kind hands.—*New York Telegram.*

"The American Humane Education Society" is incorporated by Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation. Its object is to carry humane education for the prevention of every form of cruelty, and the protection of property and life, into all our American schools and homes. Its treasurer is the Hon. Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its directors are among our most respected citizens. All persons wishing information as to what it has already done and is proposing to do will receive prompt answers by writing

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,  
19 Milk St., Boston.

## INTELLIGENT SPARROWS.

In a country town the English sparrows took possession of the eaves and the attic of the court-house, built their nests there, and fought and propagated with tireless and noisy energy. One day in the spring came a butcher bird, and lighted on a tree near the court-house. Before the arrival of the butcher bird, perhaps two hundred sparrows were hopping and flying about in peace, if not in quietness. In an instant they had all disappeared. Not one could be seen. You would not have known that there was a sparrow in town, had it not been for an occasional subdued chirp under the eaves of the court-house. Now, probably none of these little scamps had ever seen a butcher bird before. But some instinct told them that he meant mischief, and, not standing upon the order of their going, they went at once. For two days the butcher bird made his home in that tree, killing several robins, but not a sparrow. They, like Brer Rabbit, lay low. On the third day a clerk in the court-house shot the butcher bird. The sparrows must have been watching the proceedings, for their dead enemy had hardly touched the ground before every one of them were there too, foraging with appetites sharpened with a two days' fast. They paid no attention to the man with the gun nor to the butcher bird, but just went industriously to work filling their little crops. Now, what other bird has so much discernment? How did they know their enemy was dead? and, further, how did they know that the same weapon which had killed him would not be used to kill them? They did know both things in some way. If for nothing else but their smartness, the sparrows ought to be encouraged by a smart people like ourselves.—*New York Star.*

## THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

The clouds were copper-dyed all day,  
And struggled in each other's way,  
Until the darkness drifted down  
Upon the sun-forsaken town.

Said people passing in the lane,  
"It will be snow," or "Twill be rain;"  
And school-boys, laughing in a row,  
Looked through the panes, and wished for snow.  
Then came the Wind, and shook his wings,  
And whirled the dead leaves into rings;  
He made the shutters move and crack,  
And hurried round the chimney-stack.  
Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,  
And all the trees again stood still;  
Then, through the dark the snow came down,  
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,  
And touched the boughs with flakes of light;  
And moving clouds revealed the moon,  
To make on earth a fairy noon.

At morn the boys laughed with delight,  
To see the fields and hedges white;  
The folks said as they hurried past,  
"Good morning! Winter's come at last!"

## A QUEER HEN.

"Hens are funny critters," says an old farmer, "and I have one on my place that is about the funniest of the lot. A few months ago she took a liking for an old brindle cow of mine. At first all she did was to go out to pasture with the cow, but after a while she began to jump on the cow's back. For a long time the cow resented this and shook the hen off. But it did not do any good; the hen hopped right on again, until at last, in sheer despair, the cow accepted the situation. She was probably the more inclined to do so when she discovered, as she soon did, that Biddy, as much as possible, kept insects from annoying her. In fact, she even went further than that; for when she discovered that the cow would like to have her back scratched she scratched it in a way to make the cow very happy. As a result of this the cow soon began to enjoy the companionship of the hen; and now, when the hen gets off for a while to eat, old brindle is evidently uneasy until she comes back again.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

(From The Christian Nation, New York City.)

BLACK BEAUTY: His Grooms and Companions.  
The American Humane Education Society.  
19 Milk Street, Boston.

The object for which this book was written is as worthy as the enterprise of the president of the American Humane Education Society, in disseminating its influence, is commendable. If raciness of anecdote, romance in horse-life, and pathos in description will give it the prestige of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then "Black Beauty" may carry the palm. It is full of exciting episodes and the zest of the narrative never flags from start to finish.

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

A nice poem in which a monkey takes the principal part, and which will be likely to interest the children wherever it is read.

It was written by a young miss, fourteen years old, for a prize offered for the best article on "Man's Duty to the Dumb Creation," and won a prize of eight dollars.

## MAN'S DUTY TO THE DUMB CREATION.

In a beautiful valley, beside a brook,  
A farmhouse stands in a shady nook.  
This side of the house is the large old barn,  
Where the farmer's cattle live safe from harm.  
One day in the barnyard a meeting was held,  
A president chosen, disturbances quelled.  
A shaggy old dog having taken the chair,  
Thus stated the object that brought them there:—

"Ye horses and cows, and Jerry the donkey,  
And you, Mistress Cat, and you, Mr. Monkey,  
Are now to hear a famous oration—  
'Man's duty to the dumb creation.'  
How amazed they'd be, the ignorant creatures,  
From the newsboys up to the Methodist preachers,  
If they knew we could talk as freely as they  
Of stories we hear from day to day,  
Of dreadful wrongs committed by men  
Against suffering animals under them;  
How they're beaten and bruised and knocked about,  
Till they die from this treatment, without a doubt.  
Such tales as these are sad to hear,  
But, thanks to our master, we've nothing to fear,  
For he treats us kindly, each one as a friend,  
And I am resolved his rights to defend.  
But that which we've met here now to discuss  
Is other men's duties to creatures like us.  
This subject, then, is before us to-day.  
Sam, I believe you have something to say."

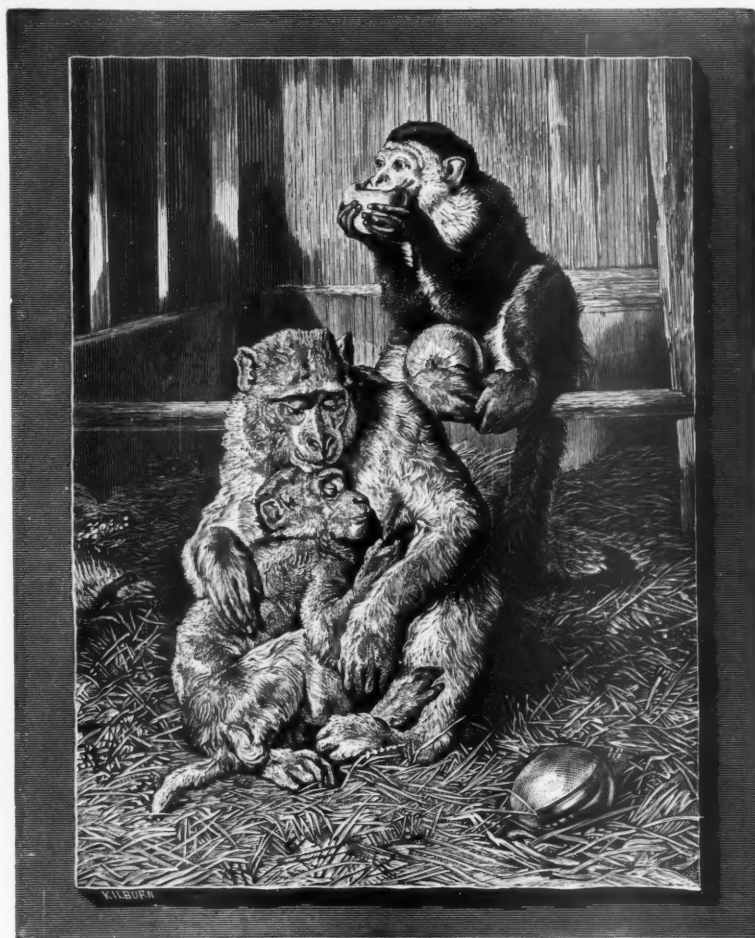
The dog looked round with a satisfied air,  
And then he gravely vacated the chair.  
The monkey addressed left his place on the rail,  
Where he had been swinging so long by his tail,  
And sprang, with a mischievous toss of his head,  
Into the chair, looked about him, and said:—

"I fear I can't tell you,  
My injured fellow-creatures,  
Of all my grief and anguish,  
Unless it's in my features.  
To think that these descendants  
From the ancient monkey race  
Should thus disgrace their fathers,  
And stoop to acts so base,  
That they should beat their horses,  
Which scarce deserve their names,  
For, if you will believe it,  
They're only horses' frames;  
Such low and cruel actions."  
Quoth the monkey with a groan,  
"Have tempted us so often  
The whole race to disown.  
Sometimes I think 'twas cruel  
To bring me from my home  
Far south among the palm trees,  
Where we so freely roam.  
Sometimes I feel a longing  
To live among those trees,  
To sport again with my fellows;  
But—I was brought over the seas  
To this benighted country.  
To live in an old man's den;—  
I knew with that organ grinder  
I'd never be happy again.  
But our beloved master,  
Who ne'er could witness pain,  
Saw me most cruelly beaten  
And to my rescue came.  
So here I am among you,  
As jolly as I can be,  
Whose home is the far-off country  
Over the deep, wide sea.  
I know 'tis useless to grumble,  
Though I can show many a scar,  
I simply state in this meeting,  
I know what cruelties are.  
And if men were asking their duty,  
I'd send them to some good school,  
Where they write in great big letters,  
'Remember the Golden Rule.'"

The monkey sat down 'mid clapping and cheers,  
A few most excited were melted to tears.  
But out of politeness the clapping was hushed,  
When they saw that the monkey consciously blushed,  
So the meeting ended, the crowd dispersed,  
Each went to his work, from the last to the first,  
With no idea that the farmer had heard  
All of their sentiments, word for word.  
But such was the case the dog soon saw;  
For when he reached the farmhouse door;  
The farmer said, with laughing eyes,  
"If the monkey could write, he'd get a prize."

## MUSIC.

A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, six years old, was dying with typhoid fever, and was quite insensible, with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was roused and his life saved by the reaction.



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

## PUSS MADE A MISTAKE.

(From the "Boston Pilot.")

One of our household pets, a green heron, confined by a long cord to a tree in the yard, spent much time by day standing upon one leg, his shoulders hunched up, as though asleep—a most stupid-looking fowl. Frisken the cat was much struck by his singular appearance, and watched him furtively for a week or so before venturing nearer. She was puzzled how to classify the newcomer. A capture did not look difficult, as he did not fly away when she approached. So one day she sidled closer.

"Plunkett's" eyes slightly opened, but he moved not a feather. Puss crouched, and advanced a step.

Still there was no motion. Nearer she crept, her tail beginning to twitch and her hind legs working for a spring, when, a loud "Quawk!" wings outspread and flapping, and long bill stretched wide, the drowsy bird was transformed into an avenging fury. He sprang at puss, and she fled up a tree in a flash.

She decided that she must have been mistaken.

## HORSE SENSE.

(From "Boston Herald.")

A great many horses are fed on the streets from "cat-bags" drawn up over their noses, and wabbling about in a manner which must make it very uncomfortable to eat one's dinner in that way. A bright horse down in "Pie Alley" the other day had nearly reached the bottom of his bag. It wobbled awfully, but the oats were sweet and he was hungry. In front of him stood a wagon and the wagon had a wheel. Happy thought. He walked up to the wheel, rested his canvas bucket on the top of it and finished his dinner to the last oat in a comfortable, leisurely fashion, and with a twinkle in his eye. If that was not a triumph of mind over matter, what was it?

## TWO DOCTORS.

PROF. HYRTL, of Vienna, the famous anatomist, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary. He has always been an enemy of vivisection and the torments inflicted upon animals for the sake of science. One instance proves this prettily. Prof. Brucke was writing a book on the weight of animal bodies. He kept half a dozen dogs in a small courtyard of the Anatomical Institute, and reduced their supply of food. Their dismal howling called Prof. Hyrtl's attention to them. From the moment he discovered them he went to them every night surreptitiously and fed them. Prof. Brucke was puzzled to find them fatter at the end of the week than they had been at the beginning.

## THERE IS A BOY I CAN TRUST.

We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

Widow Casey: "Ah, Mr. Dolan, when my ould man died it left a big hole in my heart." Mr. Dolan: "Mrs. Casey, would ye moind patchin' it wid a bit out of mine?"



**Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in December.**

Fines and witness' fees, \$125.40.

**MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

A. L. F., \$10; Mrs. Asa Gray, \$6; Mrs. F. B. Heywood, \$2; Mrs. J. H. Southworth, \$3; A. H. Graves, \$2; G. M. & F. H. Morton, \$2; Frances F. Owen, \$2; Mrs. Caroline Howard, \$2; Miss Tolman, Treasurer, Second Church, Dorchester, \$2.

**FIVE DOLLARS EACH.**

Miss A. Whitney, Jno. P. Manning, Miss E. T. Harthorn, Mrs. J. M. Willcutt for "D. A.," In Memory of Mrs. Daniel Brewster, In Memory of Mrs. F. B. Coon, C. M. Dyer, Mrs. D. W. Swift, Anderson Allyn, Mrs. E. M. Russell, E. P. Hitchcock, S. R. Urbino.

**ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

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Total, \$138.00.

The American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$218.75.

**SUBSCRIBERS.**

News Agencies, \$14.61; Miss E. Horsfall, \$5.94; Girard College, \$5.50; Mrs. N. G. Howe, \$4; Katie Hosack, \$3.75; Mrs. A. E. McIntyre, \$3; Miss L. C. Haynes, \$3; Mrs. M. J. McCluskey, \$2.50; Mrs. H. C. Leonard, \$2.50; Mrs. H. W. Russell, \$2.50; Elizabeth Tittle, \$2.50; Lincoln Adams, \$2.50; S. E. Quimby, \$2.25; Julia A. Colby, \$1.75; J. S. Searing, \$1.75; Mrs. L. Shuler, \$1.25; Miss Sparrow, \$1.25.

**TWO DOLLARS EACH.**

A Friend, C. S. Thompson, Mrs. C. F. Richardson, Mary G. Hitchcock, Carrie E. Ball, Mrs. A. L. Fisher, H. G. Maynard, Geo. Kinney, N. L. Carpenter.

**ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS EACH.**

A. Gallison, Mrs. J. P. Clarke, Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Dedham, Mrs. W. G. Large, Wm. Howland, Geo. H. Sprague.

**ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

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**FIFTY CENTS EACH.**

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In Naples there is a race of cats who live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation or sitting gravely before the altar during mass.



THE NOON GUN BEING FIRED—HE CONCLUDED TO GO HOME FOR LUNCH.

Wm. Finley, Geo. Westler, Maggie West, A. D. Ludlow, Mrs. C. W. Baxter, C. N. Bartlett.

Total, \$182.55.

**OTHER SUMS.**

Publications sold, \$293.13; F. E. Atteaux, \$5; F. C. Warren, \$5; Bequest, Mrs. Lydia Maria Childs, \$1000.

Total, \$1967.82.

**Receipts by The American Humane Education Society, December 17, 1890, to January 21, 1891.**

A. E. H., Rhode Island, \$300; Mrs. Wm. H. Bradley, \$5; Miss G. Kendall, \$150; New York Friends, through "G. K.," \$7; Mrs. Frances Elliott Holt, \$15; Mrs. Frances A. Moseley, \$10; Miss H. L. Brown, \$2; Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$100; A Friend, \$500; Miss Susan R. Kendall, \$50; C. L. Doll, \$5; A Friend of Humane Education, \$50; A Friend, Miss C. M. Northend, Mrs. Clara H. Young, Mary J. Briggs, and Mrs. M. D. Fessenden, \$1 each.

**And from Sales of "Black Beauty."**

American Tract Society, \$6.00; M. T. Walker, \$6; A. Schofield, \$14; G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$6; E. B. Cadbury, \$5; Town of Stoughton, \$6; Wm. Beverley Harrison, \$52.50; Town of Natick, \$6; J. P. Bush Manufacturing Company, \$6; Bradley & Smith, \$30; Miss L. M. Phillips, \$6.84; W. H. Giles, \$7.20; Jno. B. Phelps, \$6; Rev. W. R. Stockton, \$6; Rev. G. S. Alexander, \$6; Cottage Hearth, \$48; W. H. Watson, \$6.40; Mrs. C. F. Kendall, \$6; C. Wheritt, \$6; Mary P. Lord, \$11.98; Reed & Hughes, \$6; Geo. A. Spooner, \$9; Rev. L. L. Pickett, \$7.20; Mrs. Woodward, \$36; Dubuque Telegraph, \$30; Jno. Wanamaker, \$74; W. L. Conrad, \$12; Miss R. L. Richmond, \$7.02; Rev. Myron Dudley, \$12.84; W. F. Adams, \$7.62; H. R. Pattengall, \$6; Mrs. J. A. Hutchinson, \$12; Frank A. Simmons, \$10.56; Ohio Society P. C. A., \$12; Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, \$79; J. L. Hudson, \$61; Todd & Bucher, \$6; J. F. Murphy, \$5; Porter & Coates, \$5; Lewis P. Thayer, \$6; Woman's Branch Pennsylvania Society P. C. to Animals, \$6; Burroughs Brothers Company, \$57.99; Baker & Taylor Company, \$12; Pennsylvania Society P. C. to Animals, \$30.65; J. B. Lippincott Co., \$54.60; Methodist Book Concern, \$7.50; Robt. Clarke & Co., \$25.89; Baltimore Society P. C. to Animals, \$10; Eaton, Lyon & Co., \$12; Poughkeepsie Society P. C. to Animals, \$12; W. H. Cole, \$6; Walcott & West, \$26.70; Newburgh Society P. C. A., \$5.

All others in sums of less than five dollars each, \$351.53.

**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**

Animal Herald. New Orleans, La.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Humane Journal. Minneapolis, Omaha, and St. Paul.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Animal World. London, England.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.  
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Baltimore, Md. Manual of the Baltimore S. P. C. C.  
Buffalo, N. Y. Annual Report of the Erie Co. S. P. C. A. 1890.  
Brooklyn, N. Y. Tenth Annual Report of the Brooklyn S. P. C. C. 1890.  
Newport, R. I. First Annual Report of the Newport Branch of the R. I. S. P. C. A. 1889-90.  
Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. Ninth Annual Report of the Argentine S. P. A. 1890.

**PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.**

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

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